WHO IS TO BLAME?

"WELL, George," said his wife, as George Morton and she came in from church one Sunday morning, "how did you like the sermon this morning?"

"Nothing in it," he replied briefly. "I don't get anything out of sermons nowadays. It seems to me the great preachers must all be dead."

"I wonder if the trouble is with the preachers or with you, George?" his wife replied. "If it were only sermons amongst other worth-while things that had lost their interest for you, I shouldn't think so much of it; but do you realize that you can't get interested in a worth-while book, the opera bores you; you can never be got to go to an orchestral concert or a musical recital or a lecture that is meant for intelligent people? The newspaper has taken the place of real reading with you, the musical comedy or the moving picture the place of the opera or the concert. You have acquired an appetite for the frothy, highly spiced things that require no thought."

"Well, if I didn't get a sermon at church, I'm getting one now! But I'll have to admit there's a lot of truth in what you say," he admitted good-naturedly.

"George," she said, "your name is legion. You're just like hundreds of other men who in the rush of business to-day are losing their taste for worth-while things. You remind me of a story I read the other day about a dealer in hides who was inveigled out to dinner by his wife. It chanced that he was seated at table between a brilliant woman novelist and a very clever doctor. His wife thought he would surely have a good time. But she asked what sort of evening he had. He replied, 'Abominable! What did *those* people know about hides!' He ate, slept, drank and lived hides.

"That's what some of you men are doing with your business. Your brains are a one-track line, and anything that doesn't directly concern your business has no interest for you. I'm not scolding. I simply pity you. The taste for music is essential to a really cultivated man, so is the taste for good books, good drama, good preaching; you used to have a taste for all these not so many years ago, but you're losing it fast. That's what makes me suspect your opinion of the sermon this morning. It seemed to me remarkably good, and so it did to others. I wonder if you're not judging yourself?"

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